

So Much Talking (Swear That's All You Ever Do) by thecopperkid

Series: so good at being in trouble, so bad at being in love [4]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Dirty Talk, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Mutual Masturbation, Phone Sex, Recreational Drug Use

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-23

Updated: 2018-04-23

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:41:08

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,769

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Then do it for me, baby. I wanna -- wanna hear you say my name, okay. You should say it for me.”

Steve laughs a little. “You into that?”

“Very fucking into that,” Billy grits.

“Why am I not surprised?”

*

Steve’s out with a girl. Billy’s doing shrooms with Fiji. Neither of them were planning on locking themselves in the bathroom to have phone sex, but here they are.

So Much Talking (Swear That's All You Ever Do)

Author's Note:

Title is from Aly & AJ's "Take Me." (which I'm inexplicably getting major billy/steve vibes from so you should probably investigate that? maybe it's the whole 80's thing? whatever, I'm about it)

It's still dark in Steve's dorm when he's jolted awake. He feels Billy before he sees him, his weight too close and heavy across his hips, pinning Steve's legs to the bed.

"Wake up, asshole," he's saying loudly. A pungency akin to rubbing alcohol lurks on his breath. "I can't believe I forgot, *fuck*."

"What the fuck, forgot *what*," Steve says, playing catch up, sitting up on the comforter they never even turned down. Billy rocks himself away when Steve does so, it's this tilting of scales where they're balancing out the space in front of them. He doesn't move all the way off though, he's *straddling* Steve's waist. At least he put his fucking shirt back on, even if it's only buttoned up a literal third of the way. "Ugh, you smell like straight *booze*. Are you still drunk? What time is it?"

"It's time to go, I need a ride," Billy tells him. He's getting up and slipping back into the tan Timberlands he'd kicked off messily under Steve's lofted bed last night. Steve's sitting there wondering why his alarm hasn't gone off yet, reaches for his phone and realizes it's four in the fucking morning, no *wonder*. "I wouldn't ask you to do this, usually, because I wasn't *planning* on leaving the house last night, but *somebody* had to take me on a fuckin' midnight joyride--"

"Okay, first of all, it was like, 10:30 when I picked you up, and anyway, I did that to be nice, you *liked* it--"

"I didn't say I didn't like it, I said I wasn't planning on it," says Billy, thrumming with impatience. He flips on the blaring overhead lights so he can check how his curls look in the mirror, which makes Steve squint and groan as he swings his legs over the side of the bed. Billy's

staring just over his shoulder now, watching Steve's reflection behind him as Steve wrestles himself into his coat and mocs, grabs his keys from his desk. "Now I'm *late* 'cause of you, and I'm not gonna make it if I walk back, and my car's not here, and I'm pretty *drunk*, so you gotta drive me, okay?"

He plucks Steve's Axe deodorant from the shower caddy on his dresser, takes the cap off to sniff it, then gives a visible shrug as he starts rolling it on under his shirt.

"It's not *my* fault that *you* forgot you had to be up, so don't take it out on me," Steve says. "You never once fucking told me. Christ, if I knew you'd had that much to drink -- I told you last night, I honestly thought you were fine. You were talking like you were."

"Real good at faking it, Harrington," he says with a tight lipped smile. The cap on the deodorant makes a little *click* as he closes it. "All those years of coming home plastered in high school. Now, can we speed this up? Because otherwise you're going to have to drive me all the way up north."

Steve just stares at him, because *what* . It's so like Billy to play this game that somehow Steve knows what the fuck is going on in his life, when he won't ever *tell* him anything.

And like, did he imagine that kiss on his forehead last night or fucking not? Because he didn't even get to drink because of Billy, so his head's really clear that it happened, but Billy's acting like nothing's wrong again, like they're as good as friends. That's how guys string someone along. It's fucking dumb, how they do that. *Steve* does it, now he sees how it feels. He fucks girls casually, treats them like shit, but then he does something small like kiss them before they leave or text them something like "thinking about you, baby girl" at one in the morning to restore hope and keep them coming back, thinking that one day Steve's going to realize that he'd been in love with them all along.

Steve knows this game, it's classic. How long can he lead a girl on until they're going to finally demand more from him? He doesn't want to be *the girl* in this scenario. Christ, is he the *girl*? It hadn't dawned on him that he could be taken advantage of.

"Come on," Billy says, tugging him by the sleeve of his Members Only jacket, out into the somehow impossibly brighter hallway. Steve blindly stumbles in tow and his door clicks locked behind them. "Dude, my phone's dead and the bus leaves in like *ten* minutes."

"Uh, excuse me if I don't have your daily itinerary -- *what* fucking bus?"

Steve jogs to keep up with Billy who's flying down the empty stairwell. His feet cause a thunderous, stomping echo; clearly Billy's time living in the dorms was short before he rushed Fiji and got to move right in to their house, because this is like, so massively disruptive to everyone trying to sleep at four in the morning, but it's like, Billy's probably never even been *awake* at four before in his life, so how would he know how to behave?

"I've only been talking about it for a goddamn month, and I *know* you eavesdrop on us, so don't try to hide it," he projects his voice up as he snakes down, gliding a hand on the railing, a whole level below Steve now.

Flashbacks come rolling back of a damp, post-practice Billy, terry cloth towel slung too fucking low on his hips so Steve can see that well-defined V. It's ritualistic; Billy standing around the bench next to Steve's locker with a chorus of other frat assholes who are listening to him like he's the coolest fucking person they've ever heard speak, which Steve wonders how he accomplished because one of them is a *junior*, too old to be impressed with Billy's infantile bravado. Steve can fucking *hear* them now, despite his best efforts to block them out as he had toed out of his Nikes on any given day. It was kind of hard *not* to listen.

She puked on his dick, bro, but she kept going. I know that's kind of gross and fucked up, I would have kicked her ass out, but this guy has bad fucking luck so I told him, 'Amigo, you mighta just found the one' ... So me and Anthony are hiding on the roof with all the baggies of bud we can carry, right, and Hopper's down there searching rooms with the drug dog -- and okay, imagine my surprise when I heard it barking, because I didn't even know this shithole could afford one of those fuckers ...

"I'm talking about the retreat. The cabins?"

It's gonna be so lit, dude. You guys know Matt from Pike, he hooked us up with some dope shit. We're gonna be tripping sack all weekend, bro.

And yeah. Now that Billy mentions it, Steve does remember that bit. Because he fucking hates how Billy peppered these stupid little words into his conversations. He even pronounces “bro” more like “bruh,” which is just. So infuriating.

They're outside under a stormy morning sky and Billy, fiery and short tempered as ever, is already at Steve's car, repeatedly tugging on the handle with both hands even though it's clear Steve doesn't have the keys out yet.

Out of spite, Steve only unlocks the car when *he* reaches it, taking his sweet time to walk there. But he's kind of shooting himself in the foot, because after that Billy opens the passenger door so aggressively, he nearly side swipes the mirror of Abraham's white Cadillac that's next to them. (And Steve parks religiously next to other car-douchebags since they only trust each other not to fuck up and hit each other's cars -- so it would be *obvious* that Steve's car did the damage.)

“Dude, I'm starting to wish I just *walked*. I say this all the time, if you want something done right, --”

“‘You have to do it yourself,’ I know, I *know*,” Steve finishes for him. “Everybody on the team knows you say that. ‘Cause we have to hear about it every time we miss. Shit, I *know*.”

They're in the car, pulling out of the lot and Billy's got the passenger visor down so he can look in the mirror, extending his upper lip down and out of the way, assessing the damage of last night. He starts like, *picking* at the remnants of blood caked up around his nostril. Which is so gross. And then, while Steve's still in horror that he has to watch this happen in *his* car, which smells stale like fast food because they never took in their trash, because Steve had to *carry* Billy inside, Billy tops it off by reaching for last night's coffee and starting to drink it. Steve wants to gag, okay. Because he would never in his right mind drink tepid coffee that had been sitting out all night, classes it as blasphemy.

"It's like, why would I ever pay to go to a zoo?" Steve says, chancing a look as they reach a stop sign. Billy rolls his eyes and continues picking at his nose with his pinky. "You're disgusting."

"Ha fucking ha, Harrington, very cute," says Billy. He snaps the visor shut above his head. "You were the one who was all up on me last night."

And, okay, Steve is *fucking ignoring that*.

He's surprised Billy would actually bring that up. Must be the alcohol still flourishing in his system.

"Why would you guys have that party last night if you're all leaving at the crack ass of dawn today?" Steve says instead, because he's not going there right now. He can't. It's too fucking early. He hasn't even had his iced latte. "Do you even have a bag packed?"

"We have a party *every* weekend, we're not gonna waste a Friday," Billy says, drumming his fingers on the windowsill. "Anyway, most guys don't bring their whole fucking wardrobe camping like Princess Steve does. It's just 'til Monday afternoon, since we got the day off. What do I need, like, two pairs of boxers, a pair of pants, two shirts? If you hurry the fuck up, I can grab all that in a sec. Worst case scenario, maybe another pair of pants, in case I piss myself."

"Dude," Steve says. "That's like, *unsettling*."

"I'm just being prepared," Billy smiles with perfect white teeth, his eyes crinkling at the sides. "Besides. I gotta leave room in my bag for the important things, Stevie."

"What, like, a very illegal amount of pot?"

"Between all fifty of us, we *always* got that on us, but good one," he says. "This is a special occasion. I got enough shrooms to probably kill us. I'm trying to get *fucking spooky* tonight. See some shit. You feel?"

Steve can't help the face he makes at that. Sometimes he can't believe he associates with this idiot. It's all too real that Billy would try to prove himself to the brothers, take too much, finally lose it for real

and kill all the guys in some sort of horror movie twist. That's an actual fucking fear Steve has. "I don't fucking *feel* . You're the only person I know who wants to have a bad trip."

"No such thing as bad trips, just people who can't hang," Billy says sagely. Such a philosopher.

They pull up to Fiji and there's one of those big coach buses parked at the end of the driveway. Hungover brothers are loading their duffel bags in the compartments under it, so Steve figures they made good time.

"Hey," he calls, after Billy hops out of the car. Billy pauses, holding the door, leaning in expectantly with one eyebrow quirked up, like yes? "Don't like, actually die tonight, okay? I feel like I have to say that."

"You worried about me?" Billy asks. "Don't be. I'll try my very hardest not to die, Harrington."

He bangs a palm on Steve's roof twice, something meant to be a goodbye, and shuts the door behind him.

Steve watches him walk up the driveway and slap some the ass of some guy who's bent over, arranging bags under the bus. Billy's wagging his tongue like he's always doing when he chest bumps a different brother on the way into the house, which Steve thought was like, not a thing anymore.

And Steve's so fucking out of here. He doesn't *get* frats. It's why he's not in one, despite his dad's insistence upon Steve following in his footsteps. Frat guys are just a bunch of vapid assholes in pastel polos or Thrasher shirts, depending on their particular breed.

From there, Steve doesn't really know where the rest of the day goes. Like, he knows what he *does*, but it just feels empty and strange.

He cleans out his car, drops off the riesling to Nancy, says 'sorry' like forty times for not showing up last night (even though Nancy maintains that it's fine, she already fucking knows he was *with someone*, she's like "So, what's her name?" and Steve's like "There is

no ‘*her*’ ” and she thinks he’s lying but what he said is technically true). Later, he desperately schemes some weed off one of his matches on Tinder, since his usual guy is eating fucking magic mushrooms in some cabin “up north,” wherever the fuck *that* is.

Around 3:45, he caves. He texts him. Just to make sure he’s not *dead*, Christ. That’s all.

“so how are the shrooms dude, you might have to hook me up sometime”. He puts his phone out of sight so he can’t pester himself waiting for that text back.

Steve spends most of the afternoon smoking bowls by himself parked in that same spot by the river with a fresh iced latte, like a fucking killer that returns to the scene of the crime, *worrying what Billy’s doing right now*. Who’s he hanging around. What’s he saying to them. Is he drinking Fireball? Probably. Shirtless, as usual, chugging from a beer bong, maybe. His phone was dead, so that’s probably why he hasn’t texted back, Steve reasons.

And seriously, Steve’s going to actually go insane if he doesn’t get off today. It wasn’t Billy’s fault he gave Steve blue balls, that he got sick and had to cut their encounter short. But something told him that Billy wasn’t exactly planning on reciprocating anyway.

So he’s like, well. Eliza Godfrey had just sent him a SnapChat with her freckled cleavage very skillfully taking up most of the frame, asking if he wants to hang out, get something to eat. That fucking *sushi* they never got. Any attention at all is better than waiting for Billy to come around.

He insists on picking up Eliza’s order instead of sitting down at the restaurant, though, in an intentional move to make this feel *nothing* like a date.

When he gets to her dorm that night, Steve can tell she’s just painted her nails. It smells cloying and chemical like when Nancy would do hers while they watched Netflix in high school. After they’d dried, he’d watch her scarlet fingers hold the base of his cock, mesmerized as she flicked her shy tongue over the head.

He's already getting a little hard at the scent.

"Do you like them?" Eliza asks she closes the door behind him, because she's caught him staring. She fans out her nails so he can see the glittery blue. "I just got this color today. It's called 'Use Protection,' which I thought was hilarious, so I had to put it on as soon as I got back."

Steve doesn't really care about what her nail polish is actually called, but he knows that's probably not the thing to say if he's trying to get laid, so he drops the paper take out bag on her dresser by the door, moves in and starts kissing her. Eliza's lithe body melts into it and he slides his hands under her jeans, over her fat ass, squeezes. She's wearing a lacy thong, which makes him think of the one he saw on the floor of Billy's room last week.

He wonders vaguely if Billy's ever fucked her before. If they've ever been inside the same girl. The number's probably more than a few, with how they've both been getting around since they got to college. He feels feverish.

Eliza pulls away, laughing deep. "Shit, you taste like pot," she says, and she tries to move away to look at him but he's sucking at her throat, anyway, mumbling "c'mere, baby" against her pulse. Her skin smells clean and fresh, like the lotion he uses to jack off with sometimes. "Not that I don't like where this is going, because I do, a *lot*. But, shouldn't we eat first?"

They're on her bed sitting cross-legged with the plastic boxes spread all over the purple geometric comforter. Steve shakes the contents of the paper bag out, soy sauce packets and sleeves of chopsticks littering beneath, before he starts digging in to his tuna roll.

Eliza hands him a glass of white wine from the box on her bedside table as she hops up.

"Fuck, *thank* you," he says, and downs like, half the fucking glass. It's ultra sweet and artificial, the way he imagines Eliza's nail polish would taste if she put her fingers in his mouth.

And fuck, he's thinking about Billy's fingers now.

“Rough night, huh?” Eliza says, wrinkling her nose, which makes her piercing move. Steve focuses on that nose ring, ignores the guilt dipping down in the pit of his stomach. He sets down the wine between his legs and puts a roll in his mouth thoughtfully. “Something to do with that dude you were with?”

At that, Steve stops dead, tuna lodged in a half-chewed ball inside his cheek. He didn’t even think to check if anyone was around when he *jerked off Billy Hargrove* on a fucking picnic table, on campus, right in plain sight. Are people picking up on the weird shit that’s been happening between them? The school’s pretty big, but people talk. He should have thought about this sooner. “You saw us last night? Where?”

“Well, *I* didn’t,” she says, poking at a pasty glob of wasabi with one chopstick. “But I told my friend I was seeing you today, and she was all, ‘that’s so weird, I just saw him yesterday in front of Holbrook,’ and she said that you were basically dragging some guy with all this hair, who was like, *super* wasted? Who’s that?”

“Just a guy from my team,” Steve says, on the defensive. He starts chewing again, paranoid. “Wasn’t a big deal. He was fine.”

Eliza picks up on the fact that he’s gone tense. She’s looking at him odd and serious, like she wants to ask further, but knows better. Steve’s thankful for that.

They finish eating and Eliza puts on a documentary about the food industry, a choice which is code for *fuck me* in girl talk, Steve suspects, especially a granola hippie girl like Eliza. They’re twenty minutes in when Steve trails his fingers down to the yellow lace waistband of her panties that’s peeking out of her jeans, but he gets a text that startles him out of it. She’s tipsy, and she doesn’t really notice his attention is elsewhere.

He squints against the bright blue glow of his screen, tilts it away from Eliza.

“hey u busy,” Billy’s sent him.

He hesitates. His mind is racing, weighing the options, because he

fucking wants to text back. If he'd known Billy was going to be alive enough to contact him, he wouldn't have even made plans.

But Steve slips his phone back in his front pocket, because he probably should like, be with the person he came to see. Even though Billy is so fucking tempting.

Then the phone's buzzing ferociously. He's *calling* him.

Steve makes the world's worst fucking excuse, much to Eliza's dismay, cracks the dorm door, and books it to the guy's bathroom on the floor above. Just to be safe. Just to make sure Eliza doesn't come looking for him and overhear, because he knows where this is going, and he can't *help* it, he's weak.

Steve misses the first call, but he returns it when he's fully searched the perimeter of the bathroom, even ducked his floppy hair to check under the stalls that look like they're closed. It's Saturday night -- no one's there, they're out getting shitfaced at parties.

Billy answers the phone like, "Heyyyyy, sexy," and that's how Steve knows he's fucked up. On what, that's up for debate. He's talking too loud in Steve's ear, over a Future song resonating in the distance. "I missed you."

"Are you tripping?" Steve whispers. He locks himself in the very last shower stall and slides down against the bench where shower caddies are supposed to go. On the opposite wall, there's a quirky little poster from an R.A. with a sultry picture of Emma Watson crudely repurposed on it that reads, "Hey guys! Sex is great, but doing it in the bathroom is unsanitary. Save it for the bedroom!" Steve hates this dorm shit. How R.A.'s think they're so fucking funny. That makes this like, the *least* sexy place to do this, but he's running out of fucking options.

"Not yet," says Billy, kind of giddy. "But I will be. I'm kinda lit, though. Thought maybe you could talk to me until I gotta go back outside with the guys."

"Dude, I'm not home," Steve argues. "I'm at some chick's dorm, I don't have a lot of time--"

"That's okay, you don't seem to take very long," Billy says, and Steve doesn't have to see him to know his eyes are bloodshot and he's smiling all smug. "I had to call you. Can't stop thinking about your mouth, on my fingers. On my *dick*."

"Jesus," Steve says, because they're doing this already? Billy doesn't fuck around. Steve's heart is hammering. He's not quite baked anymore, but paranoia lingers like a vice around his chest, so sure someone's lurking in the bathroom. "So I take it the retreat's going good?"

"It's sick, dude. But now we're waiting for it to kick in, so a bunch of the guys are just sitting around the fire, doing dip and stuff," Billy tells him, sounding annoyed. "I'm not about that. Waste of time, when I could be talking to the princess instead."

"You only wanna talk to me when you're fucked up and you *want* something from me," Steve says, a realization. He figures if he verbalizes that, makes it known, then it can't bother him.

It still kind of *does*, though. It doesn't feel any better.

"You're my booty call, Stevie," comes Billy's throaty voice, some sort of explanation. A tingle creeps up Steve's back and it makes him feel like shivering. His dick is already half hard from spooning up against Eliza's ass, but it fills out the rest of the way frustratingly at what Billy's saying. "You're *always* down. When you stop being down, I'll stop hitting you up."

"I wanna see you," Steve says after a second, a little whiny, and he shoves his joggers down his hips, the phone pinched between his shoulder and ear. His cock bobs as it's released. He relishes at how long it looks in his hand when he begins touching it. "This is stupid, can we hang up? Can I see you?"

"Uh-uh," Billy says. His breathing is hitching, and Steve can tell he's jacking himself off, too. He wishes so badly that he could *see*. Steve likes to watch. "Not tonight. I was thinkin'."

"You were thinking, huh? That's new."

“*Thinkin’*,” Billy huffs. “That I wanna make you come with my voice. No videos.”

Fuck.

“I really, really, *really* shouldn’t be doing this--” Steve protests, trying so hard to be good, but his hips are jerking up despite himself as he spreads the pre-come that’s leaking over the pink head of his cock. He uses the other hand to trail down to his balls, softly with just two fingernails, sending a chill up his spine.

“Come on, baby,” Billy cuts him off, all coy and musical, and that *name*. Christ. It surges straight to Steve’s dick every time, makes it throb against his fingers. Steve would *never* call Billy that. He might like to, but he can’t. Something about it feels off limits, like it’s going to be the thing that finally earns him the punch in the face he’s eternally expecting. “Don’t be a cocktease. I promise, we’ll be quick, she won’t even notice you were gone long. Won’t even know you were rubbing one out to *me*.”

He’s so cocky and prideful, if Steve wasn’t *fully fucking erect*, he might find it offputting.

“Where are you right now, anyway?” he asks. He licks his hand and then builds up a rhythm over his dick, and his eyes nearly roll into the back of his head at the contact. “Tell me about it, tell me what you’re doing.”

“*Listen* to you, you get off to my fuckin’ voice, don’t you,” Billy admires, ego properly stroked by Steve’s urgency. He’s laughing a little when he continues, “I’m in the upstairs bathroom of our cabin, by the window. I can see the guys all sitting down there at the fire, and they literally have *no* idea what I’m doing. That I got my pants around my ankles, and I’m fucking my hand. Isn’t that so fuckin’ funny?”

If Steve’s being honest, this kind of eats at him, too. It might be irrational of him, but he doesn’t like the thought that Billy’s at the cabins with fifty other guys for the weekend. He’s always wondered if Billy ever does the things they do together, with one of the guys in Fiji. Pictures him on a couch in the basement of the frat house,

grinding into Anthony, that one attractive blonde stoner he's always smoking joints with while they walk to class. He doesn't *like* that image.

He's got trust issues -- jealousy and possessiveness have become parts of his character ever since Nancy. Billy's never been *his*, though. He knows that.

"You ever messed around with any of them?" Steve asks, because he can't keep his curiosity at bay. "The brothers?"

"No, 'cause they're my *brothers*," snorts Billy, like Steve's a dumbass. Steve would roll his eyes if Billy could see him, because to hear him tell it, it's like Billy thinks they're his *real* siblings. This bullshit is part of the reason Steve would never join a frat. "And anyway. I'm not into just any guy."

"Why not?"

"Fuck, baby, I don't know," Billy says. It's bordering on a whimper. Steve can hear the wet slick of Billy's cock against his hand, over and over, the slow way he likes it. The way Steve did it for him the night before. "I don't know, okay, I'm drunk. Just wish you were here."

"What if I *were*?" Steve asks, voice raspy from trying to keep quiet, vaguely listening to see if anyone's come into the bathroom. "There, with you. What would you want?"

"I'd want you to suck my fuckin' cock," says Billy immediately. No hesitation about that. Steve loves when Billy gets filthy like this. "On your knees for me, baby, wanna watch you blow me. I can't stop thinking about that goddamn *mouth*. Want you to hold still for me while I pull your hair, fuck down your throat. Wanna pull out and come all over your face--"

"What if we did what we did in your shed," Steve says suddenly. "But, you know, without pants."

Because fuck, he's actually been imagining this, like, every night.

"What are you, fifteen? 'Without pants?' You saying you wanna rub our cocks together? Of course we're fucking doing that. Shit, baby, as

soon as I can convince you to get in my bed, I'm doing that."

"Well, like, I think I wanna fuck you," Steve gushes before thinking it through, about the implications.

"Really?" Billy breathes into the receiver. He sounds surprised. "Do you actually wanna? Or are you just trying to tease me? Because, fuck, I mean, it's working, if you are. Gonna come so fuckin' hard."

And Steve is *too*. He's getting close already, can feel the backs of his thighs getting tingly and hot against the bench.

"No, I'm serious," says Steve. "I don't know, I've just. Never. You *know*."

"What, never fucked a guy before?" Billy finishes for him, laughing all shallow like there's hardly any breath left in his lungs. "I know *that*. You've done anal though, haven't you? With *Nancy*? Did you fuck her in the ass, Harrington?"

Steve's pulse is pounding through his veins. "I mean, *yeah*, we tried that, but--"

"Probably came inside, too, didn't you. That's so hot."

"Billy, shit, *maybe*, it's kind of hard to remember--"

"Okay, but the point is, you know how it works," says Billy. "I can't imagine it'll be *that* different taking it. I'll go slow for you, promise."

"Woah, wait, *what*? " Steve says, genuinely kind of insulted at how fast Billy reached that decision, when Steve's still working through this. He hadn't gotten that far yet, was too horny thinking about just *touching* Billy. It seems like Billy's been actively thinking about having sex, he talked about it that naturally. Steve's cheeks flush hot. "Who said *you* get to? If- if anyone's fucking anyone, it's going to be *me*, fucking *you*."

"Oh please, don't fuck around, obviously I'd be on top," says Billy, snorting. "Wait. You're not *scared*, are you? I think you're scared. Poor baby Harrington, the princess is so *scared*--"

“Stop *saying* that,” Steve says quickly, no clever response because he’s so flustered. There isn’t any meanness in Billy’s tone, it’s not meant to actually demean or emasculate Steve, it’s playful and it pisses him off. That’s how Billy fucking controls him. By daring him. It’s so stupid and embarrassing how simple that is. He’s known Steve for a long time, so he subsequently knows how to push Steve’s buttons. “You’re such a douchebag. I’m not fucking scared, okay, I *want* you. I do.”

Billy’s breathing is labored and it makes the hairs on Steve’s neck stand up. Steve squeezes his eyes shut in concentration, thinks about the way Billy’s toned chest is heaving. How thick his cock is, all slicked up with his own saliva. Steve wants to see what it feels like all the way in his mouth. He wants to feel the ache in his jaw that girls complain to him about.

“I like teasing you,” Billy admits. Steve’s picturing how his tongue probably darts out when he says this, with a blissed out smile. “You get so worked up. You’re so fuckin’ easy.”

“I don’t know, I think you’re the easy one,” Steve says, indignant, but he’s smiling a little too. He humps into the tightness of his fist, thinking about the way Billy grunts in his ear, the way he’s rough when he kisses Steve’s neck. “You came pretty fast last night.”

Billy’s laughing again, kind of high pitched like he didn’t expect Steve to give it back to him.

“I never got to finish with Steph, okay, we were interrupted, so I was ready to fuckin’ go ,” Billy says. “Cut me some slack. Listen, I love pussy. I do. But it was just so *good* having someone who knows what they’re doing with a dick. Tell a girl how you want your dick rubbed, tell her to stop playing around with it, she gets her feelings hurt that she’s doing it wrong and starts bitching like it’s *your* fault. But *you* ... you just do what I tell you to do.”

Steve shudders. “Like I have a choice,” he says, feeling warmth all over. “You’re fucking bossy.”

“And you like being bossed around,” Billy tells him. His voice is low and growly, and it encourages Steve on. “Everybody’s happy.”

"You make me so hard," Steve drawls. He opens his eyes, watches his long cock, how swollen it is as he fucks into his hand. His brain is buzzing at how fucking good it feels. "You make me wanna *come* so hard."

"Then do it for me, baby. I wanna -- wanna hear you say my name, okay. You should say it for me."

Steve laughs a little. "You into that?"

"Very fucking into that," Billy grits.

"Why am I not surprised?"

Steve hasn't given in and said his name yet, half-stalling, because he's nervous now. What if someone comes in? What if someone overhears? Billy's name is like the number one thing he probably shouldn't say aloud, even if he got away with the rest. It would be a dead giveaway about what was going on between them, since apparently people are catching on that they're *friends* now.

Friends. If that's what this is. Which is weird, Steve thinks, because he doesn't jack off with any of his other friends.

"Steve," Billy says. Like a trigger, the first name shocks Steve's system. "I told you to fucking say it. My name."

"Billy," he whispers back. He's stroking his cock faster now, meeting it with little thrusts from his hips, and his chest is quaking up and down from panting so hard as he presses his back against the cool of the stall wall. It's impossible to tell how loud he's being since his pulse is thumping in his ears. "I'm really close. So fucking close."

"I told you I want to *hear* you come. Wanna hear you saying my fucking *name*. You gotta be louder than that. Come on, baby, like you mean it."

Like he means it?

He fucking means it.

"Billy, I'm gonna come. Fuck, *please*, Billy."

"Say it again," Billy's whining nonsensically. "Again, baby, don't stop. Fucking say it. Sounds so good when you say it."

"Fuck, I'm *coming*, Billy, I'm fucking coming," Steve babbles loudly, eyelids fluttering as his orgasm bubbles up over his whole body, centering around his cock where his load is spurting out unevenly and filthily over his knuckles, running down his wrist. He moans a little hysterically, voice all fucked out, and it echoes in the bathroom. It feels like it goes on forever, like his skin is endlessly radiating outwards.

"Love when you talk, baby," Billy says. He chokes out a groan. "Oh, *shit*."

And then Billy's making these insane fucking sounds that Steve thinks *must* be put on, because it's sounds *that* fucking filthy. He's sucking in sharp breaths of air between grunts, like he's really just coming apart, and Steve's so *about* it. He wishes he could *see*. He wants to watch Billy's fist work. He wants to sit on his knees and take Billy's load on his face.

"That was like, so fuckin' intense," Billy hisses when he's done. "I think I'm starting to trip."

"Yeah?" Steve asks. It feels like he's floating. He doesn't want to come down from it. He looks around helplessly because of how messy his hand is, decides on wiping it on the inside of his grey briefs, conceals it by pulling his joggers back up. Emma Watson's paper incarnation glares disapprovingly from the opposite wall. "Why d'you say that?"

"I feel like my legs are planted, like the bases of trees," he says slowly. "Like they're growing. Does that make any sense?"

"Should you go back? You sound like you should probably go back," Steve says, despite that he doesn't actually want him to.

"Yeah," Billy agrees. "Fuck, but, dude. My legs, they're so *heavy*."

Steve can hear the trickle of a faucet in the background, and he can tell that Billy's about to hang up, but Steve's not done talking.

“Hey,” he says. He shifts where he’s sitting nervously, gathers his feet up under him. “Um. Billy. Before you go.”

“What’s up, Stevie,” says Billy, so lazy and rough and *hot*.

“I was wondering if you wanna, like,” he begins. “Hang out? Make some plans. For when you get back.”

It feels like forever after he propositions that, just the chaos of “Stir Fry” by Migos playing from one of the brother’s speakers. But finally Billy chuckles, kind of absent. Steve can’t discern if it’s the drugs that are making him act so *off*. The mood is different, it’s wrong.

“You trying to ask me on a *date*? ”

If that’s supposed to make Steve laugh, or lighten the mood, it fucking doesn’t.

Steve’s like, “*No*, not a fucking *date*, I just. I just want to know that this isn’t done once we’re *finished*, you know? What if we hung out and like, didn’t *drink*, or *smoke*, or anything. I just wonder what that would be like.”

His chest feels tight, still, something like embarrassment twisting around inside him.

“What are you saying,” Billy says. He’s got a bit of a defensive edge to his voice that both terrifies and excites Steve. There’s something so honest about getting Billy riled up. “Because it seems to me like you’re saying I have a problem.”

Maybe Billy’s right, that Steve thinks he’s got a substance problem. And maybe it’s the underlying reason Steve’s bringing this up at all, but it’s a gross misinterpretation for Billy to think that Steve’s trying to tell him what he can and can’t do. That’s not the point. He likes Billy, genuinely. He doesn’t care that Billy drinks enough to make himself vomit, doesn’t care that he snorts shit he shouldn’t and experiments with psychedelics, he doesn’t care if Billy wants to blacken his lungs and get stoned all day.

Well, he *does* care, he’s not going to make excuses for Billy, but.

Steve just doesn't want any of those things to be the *only* reason Billy comes looking for him. At least not anymore.

"I-I'm not saying that, I just mean. I want things between us to be *real*." And that's about as straightforward as he can make it.

"Harrington," says Billy, firm. "I like you, okay? Isn't that enough for you? Don't think so hard, bro."

And, like, "*bro*?"

The immersion is broken. Steve wants to fucking punch something. He wants to tear that R.A. sign down from the wall, like *fuck* Emma Watson, anyway. He doesn't need her deploring him to know he's a fucking idiot, that he keeps falling back into his own stupid shit and he has no one to blame but his fucking self.

Honestly, he doesn't have the time to fight about *feelings* with Billy Hargrove over the phone under shitty fluorescent lights on the fourth floor of a random freshman dorm on *his* Saturday night. He just *doesn't*. He could have been fucking balls deep in Eliza right now, pulling out and coming all over her cute little nose ring and freckles.

Steve just takes a deep fucking breath, even though his temper is flaring, *burning* on the inside. He spits, "Whatever, *bro*. I hope you have fun fucking *tripping* tonight."

And he knows that isn't enough to hurt Billy like it's meant to. He *knows* that it won't make Billy feel like an actual fucking lowlife like Steve hopes it would. He fucking knows that as the minutes pass, Billy's getting progressively more drugged up and euphoric and numb to reality, that he probably can't gauge that Steve's actually upset. He probably wouldn't even remember it if he did.

But he doesn't stick around to find out. He hangs up then, before Billy can notice that Steve can't fucking *breathe*.

He's not in the mood, but when he gets back to room 309, he gets drunk on Eliza's boxed wine and eventually get his dick hard enough again to fuck her. She doesn't ask questions, can't care where he'd been once he's on top of her, rubbing his cock against her thigh

before sliding in her pussy. It lasts too long, his first orgasm having built up his tolerance. Compulsory, Steve comes inside her, and it's forced, dull, less powerful, doesn't even feel *good* the second time around, but at least it's something.

When he's fumbling to peel off the condom, he's overwhelmed by how much he wants to scrub his skin red and raw under a scalding shower. Just fucking get *all of this* off him. He's going to be sick if he doesn't.